

# BYU's Unofficial Magazine

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## STUDENT REVIEW

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Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

Student volunteers from all disciplines edit and manage Student Review; however, opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect views of the SR staff, BYU, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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We invite all students to get involved with Student Review. Articles are welcome from anyone involved in the BYU campus community.

Student Review

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## Executive Board Notes

## Collage of the Freshman Experience

I did a lot of driving my freshman year. I'd borrow the family Suburban from my sister and call Jeanine, a freshman from Idaho majoring in math. While I drove late into the night—around the lake, up the canyon, through Springville—Jeanine would tell me all about Dante and Descarte. She was an Honors student.

"Gnarly," I'd say.

We logged a lot of hours in the Suburban. But I never could figure out if Jeanine really liked me. I took her to Presents, she took me to Preference, yet I still didn't know (remember, I was a freshman).

But I did know one thing: Jeanine liked ZZ Top.

"Come up to my room and listen to my ZZ Top records," Jeanine said.

"Gnarly," I said.

After we'd driven through Midway sometime after midnight, Jeanine snuck me up the T-Hall stairwell into her dorm room.

"Your roommate?"

"Oh, she's out of town for the weekend."

Jeanine put ZZ Top on the turntable. "Do you like it?" she said.

"Gnarly," I said. (But that was a lie.)

She sat on the bed; I sat on her roommate's. We listened to one side of the vinyl, then the other. Nothing else happened. Honest.

At first we didn't hear the knocking on the door because of the music. Then I quickly hid deep in the closet, snuggled between Jeanine's winter coats and Sunday dresses.

A few minutes later, the closet door opened. Whew! It was just Jeanine. I thought I'd been spared.

You'll have to leave," Jeanine said. "I couldn't lie to my R.A. She knows you're here."

"Oh, that's gnarly," I said. In leaving, I rode the elevator down to the lobby.

A year later I went to Peru. Then Jeanine married some guy named

Scott. And I haven't been in the women's dorms since.

Okay, so we can't think of anything really clever and unique; our freshman experiences were what you might call typical—adjusting to pedestrian life, torrid romances with juvenile boys and R.M.s (what a difference), dirt clods thrown at our window, Hart's runs, all-out wars with the R.A.s, skiing injuries, bizarre candle-passing ceremonies, freshman colloquium (a hellish, but worthwhile experience), Ladies' Night dancing, and last but not least, a compulsion to incessantly apologize for the fact that we were freshmen. But if you want any advice, all we can say is, take advantage of the experience. It doesn't get any better. In fact, it gets worse!

Life is a battlefield.

—my friend Rich, 1984

Most people who know me don't know I was a Ranger. They don't know about the Enemy pill boxes, the trenches and arsenals in the parking lots and lounges of Helamen Halls. They don't know that war was, for a freshman, a constant companion.

One time I leaned over to change the channel in the TV room and found a live explosive underneath my seat cushion. A friend of mine one night wanted to take his date to an air vent near where we lived; I cautioned him.

"Here, take this," I said, handing him eighty yards of my barbed wire—he'd need it in case the Enemy was planning a night raid on our living areas.

So my friends and I, wanting to protect our dorms and lounges from the savagery of the Enemy, signed on as Rangers. Scrambling through bushes and climbing buildings on our nightly patrols, we sometimes carried taco salads in our packs, and

enough water to last us till we returned to our dorm rooms. We stood guard at hall prayers, and managed to keep Cosmo from jumping around and shaking the hands of our friends for the entire year. He was happy, but he didn't understand.

Some things I'm proud of. We never took the easy way out. We never left a man behind. Not even when we knocked out that ammo dump behind the Bean Museum you may have heard about.

Friends added a fun and crazy dimension to my freshman year. I entered the dorms with considerable trepidation and anxiety. Moving away from the security of my family was a difficult adjustment. But the people in Chipman Hall quickly became a new family. Steve, DeWayne, Evan and the others up on the third floor dropping an ELWC bowling ball off the top of the Kimball Tower, the Late Night with David Letterman parties and the nightly pilgrimage to the Pie. Also Kevin who sold a computer game in between classes.

My friends made the time go quickly. They provided hours of conversation and probably most of all, became my family. The security that I missed.

I used to walk through the Cougar Eat on my way to class every Monday, Wednesday and Friday my freshman year. About midway through October I noticed that a certain girl would always be walking the other way. We passed by each other that whole semester and the next. We never said hello. Occasionally I would smile at her—something I'm prone to doing—but she only noticed once or twice. She didn't pay much attention to the crowd of people in the Cougar Eat before noon. But she would always

pass by.

She became something of an enigma to me—one of those people who interest you even though you don't know a thing about them. I didn't find out her name; she didn't know mine.

I didn't see her that summer and I didn't think about her much the next year either. But I started attending her ward last summer. We went up the canyon one day with some friends and ended up talking alone after climbing a mountain.

I figure we passed by each other in the Cougar Eat at least seventy times our freshman year.

She couldn't remember me.

I spent most of my waking hours in the library, and many of my sleeping ones too, as I perfected the art of catnapping. But one particular catnap will remain etched in my memory forever. It was one evening during midterms (and hunting season, I might add). I staked out a carrel and began my diligent studies. But after an hour or so my eyelids grew heavy and I succumbed, laying my head down on my books.

Unbeknownst to me, however, as I slumbered a kindly soul left me a gift. And when I awoke, I found a two-foot segment of a deer leg in the carrel next to me. To this day I don't know who my benefactor was, but I appreciate his or her thoughtfulness in brightening my day.

BYUSA  
Service Update

1. Several projects need volunteers with plumbing experience.
2. Utah Valley rest homes need volunteers to visit and entertain.
3. Several projects need painters, both indoor and outdoor.
4. An area hospital needs motivational speakers for Sunday assignments.
5. A recreation home for the handicapped needs help remodeling.
6. An elderly lady needs help with fall yard work.
7. The Utah Parent's Center, an organization for parents of handicapped children, needs help folding 5000 newsletters.
8. Provo Cleanup Project. All day Friday, Sept. 29. Call Jodi Walker with Associated Group of Involved Merchants at 375-4082.

To volunteer or get additional information, call 378-7183.

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

This letter is meant for those people who want to join a social club. I, too, at one point thought that a social club would be the cool thing to do. And it was, until I got blackballed. The club I rushed, Samuel Hall, bragged about its Christmas party up the canyon where they had a giant slumber party with a sister club. They were also proud of the party where everyone dressed up as Hell's Angeles, shooting guns loaded with blanks all around town. If I remember right, one person got arrested. It sounded like a lot of fun, more fun than one should be allowed at BYU.

At the preliminary meetings they emphasized friendship; meet the members and get to know your pledge group. They said that this made the whole process go faster. These meetings went on for about two weeks. They weren't always bad. One of the meetings is the annual Cowboy Party, a fund raiser for the club. Other meetings included circle groups, where members interrogate rushees to determine who they want in the club. This is where they told me point blank

"Sam[uel] Hall doesn't blackball any rushees."

The club also has a traditional Sports Day. All the rushees get to show the club members how athletic they are, and the members show the rushees how to cheat to win. I should also add that some members played with the ferocity of a pit bull. Two years ago a rushee broke his leg. Last year only one rushee went to the hospital, though many were hurt enough to stop playing.

Finally the club called its last rush meeting. Everyone was assigned a topic and told to write a paper that would be due in 12 hours. That was the end of rush. After the report on our papers, the club voted. Most got called to attend the early morning musters. For the next week-and-a-half the nominated pledges would spend mornings and evenings at musters. The hours when they weren't in class were spent preparing for musters. My friend, who didn't get blackballed, slept less than four hours a night during those nine or ten days. He made it, but he paid his price, about \$500. I still wonder what they did with the paddles. Is joining a club really worth it? I say no.

Paul Hammer  
Ogden, Utah



# RELIGION

## Reflections on the Restored Gospel

### Encounter with an Apostle

by John Armstrong

ELDER SETLOW PULLS THE VAN UP AND I open the sliding door to let our guests climb in: Elder M. Russell Ballard and President and Sister Chen. Elder Setlow, never having chauffeured an apostle before, nervously pulls ahead. I pay attention to the conversations going on behind me, expecting to hear some light-hearted remarks from the group in back—a break from the heavy messages just heard over the pulpit.

Elder Ballard has just given a 75 minute address to the whole Taipei Mission. Obedience. Get up on time. Have a positive attitude. We are in a war with Satan's imps. Pray that the Lord will accept your work. Then the challenge: contact ten new people every day.

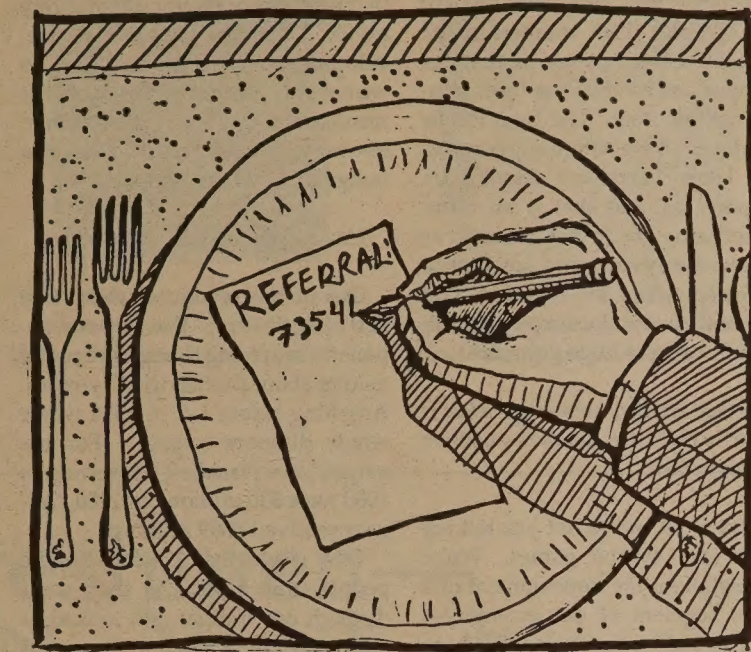
As I listen to their conversations I notice that they are not about anything light-hearted. "If your missionaries will open their mouths to the people around them, they will convert more people." Elder Ballard's insistence was met by submissive nods from President Chen.

Once at the hotel, our guests pile out of the van and the apostle invites us up to dinner. After boarding the elevator a man with an English accent asks, "Which floor?" "Third," is Elder Ballard's reply. "Come with us and we'll preach the gospel to you." The man didn't respond. We got off on three and he continued up to 12.

At the restaurant, the waiter takes our orders and leaves us. Elder Ballard says, "If I could speak this language, I would have had four referrals in this restaurant by now." I feel my heart sink, but both Elder Setlow and I keep our eyes attentively on Elder Ballard's, reacting as if we would love him to tell us that our shirts need to be ironed too. "When that waiter comes back, I want you to tell him that you represent the true Church of Jesus Christ on the Earth today and that you want to teach him the Gospel." We nod.

As the waiter comes back I find myself choking on the commitment pattern. Building relationships of trust, resolving concerns and presenting the message all go out the window. Elder Ballard wants us to go straight for the invitation, and I feel like I'm going straight for the throat. After some awkward introductions of who we are, the invitation is extended in an undiluted form, "Will you let us come to your house and teach you the Gospel?" "Sure."

Elder Ballard looks on intently, waiting for a translation of the outcome. I tell him that the man has accepted the invitation. Elder Set-



SR art by Chris Deiner

low quickly jots down his phone number and makes arrangements for the rendezvous. The apostle doesn't say anything, just slightly nods his head.

FIVE MONTHS LATER, PRESIDENT CHEN'S three years have expired and I sit in front of my new mission president, Patrick Price, with tears in my eyes. Stories coming from new missionaries about Elder Ballard's MTC talks tell that I have become part of a motivating story for missionaries to open their mouths to every creature, giving everyone the opportunity to hear the gospel. The catch is that Elder Setlow and I are used as bad examples. Elder Ballard is saying: "They looked at me as if to say, 'Here? Now?'" But the waiter accepted their invitation and made an appointment for the first discussion.

I am hurt. I have been working my heart out for 20 months on an island in the South China Sea, working with people foreign to me in beliefs, ethics, eating habits, and driving courtesy, and one of the Lord's anointed holds me up as a bad example. Some of the missionaries even heard him mention my name when he told the story to the Taichung Mission. Every group of new missionaries in the last five months has heard the story. "You were the ones that he was talking about?" they would realize. It's funny for them. It is even on a training video for stake missionaries.

"What can I do for you, Elder Armstrong?" asks President Price after a long, painful silence.

"Nothing." The word sounded garbled.

"I feel like calling him up right now and saying 'Russ, let's talk like friends for a minute. I have got an elder in my office that is very hurt by

the restaurant referral story.' I know he would apologize, Elder Armstrong. He would feel awful."

"I don't want him to feel awful, I just want him to stop telling the story."

"What have you learned from this experience?" inquires President Price.

"I've learned that the stories I hear Elder Ballard tell are his perceptions of an experience and not necessarily those of the other people involved. I was not hesitating to invite someone to hear the gospel, although he may have thought so. I have contacted people in restaurants before. Doesn't he realize it's not everyday that a missionary receives a direct commandment from an apostle? Can't I look surprised? Sure, the guy accepted the invitation; he did it to save us from losing face. He never showed up for the appointment, and Elder Setlow hasn't gotten through to him since."

I am still upset when I leave the office, but the next day I decide to drop it. Elder Ballard is unfairly using me as a bad example, but I know President Price is right. He means me no harm and I can only forgive him. I can't let my own pride ruin my life.

ANOTHER FIVE MONTHS LATER I AM IN another office, Elder Ballard's.

We visit for twenty-five minutes. I tell him how the mission took his advice on contacting more people. The number of converts is up fifty percent. He seems pleased and remarks that nowhere else in the world is there a group of kids that accomplish so much as the missionaries of this church. He says, "It would never happen if the Lord wasn't doing the converting."

"I know," is my honest response.

## Pride in Conference

by Karen Nelson

I LOVE GENERAL CONFERENCE. I LOVE THE WORDS OF OUR LEADERS. But I haven't always. As a child I dreaded Conference. We listened to the Brethren over radio at the chapel. I sat on Father's lap, bored because I didn't understand the words, and whimpered to go home. When satellite broadcasts came, I matched faces to their mysterious words, but had to contend with the dark. I attended Sunday sessions. Only grown-ups went on Saturdays.

As I grew older, things changed. The words began to make sense. I wanted to be at Conference. I cried when Elder Tuttle bore his last testimony. I loved how Bruce R. McConkie's voice set off the things he said. I remember President Kimball leaning on his counselors, singing "I Am a Child of God" with the congregation. I knew he believed it. And as a high school freshman, I became an adult, attending Saturday sessions as well.

LAST SPRING, CONFERENCE HIT ME AT A HARD TIME. I was preparing for AP tests and a piano recital. I had just broken up with my boyfriend. I felt impatient with friends, family, and my seminary teacher. I wanted to be left alone to do as I pleased. I would do right, I thought, when people stopped showing me how I was wrong. However, I looked forward to Conference which I knew would uplift me and suggest solutions to my problems.

I wasn't expecting a talk entitled "Beware of Pride." I didn't wish to hear "We are tempted daily to elevate ourselves above others and diminish them." Had I done that? "Many are sinning in ignorance." Reluctantly, I realized I was among those sinners. But enmity? President Benson said that enmity is the "central feature of pride." I thought, I don't feel enmity towards anyone; I haven't even been thinking of anyone. But then he got me: "Selfishness is one of the more common faces of pride."

President Benson's entire talk impressed me. He addressed pride as a "Book of Mormon message" and said, "I know the Lord wants this message delivered now." I felt that if the Lord's message for me now was on pride, I needed to make some changes. I tried not to compete with my sister. I tried to see good in myself and others instead of making negative comparisons. For a while I succeeded. But as I reread President Benson's talk this last week, I found I had slipped in my commitment.

WHEN I READ THE TALK, SIMILAR FEELINGS to those I had during Conference washed over me. This time different points from the talk grabbed me. I read, "The proud depend upon the world to tell them whether they have value or not... If we love God, do his will, and fear His judgement more than man's, we will have self-esteem."

Being new to Utah, BYU, and college in general, I've felt out of my element, and insignificant. Gone are the points of reference by which I identify myself. I need new relationships and associations. The Prophet's words reminded me how to give up my pride and be a better friend, and how to be successful in school—both things I have felt unsure of. I've learned that overcoming pride and building self-esteem is a continual process, and that I must humble myself daily. I know I'm happiest when I do so. This, I think, is what General Conference is for.

*Karen is proud of being a freshman.*

## WANTED: ARTICLES FOR THE RELIGION PAGE

Please send us your writings  
about the central themes  
of the Restored Gospel:  
faith, service, obedience, learning,  
mercy, and revelation.

P.O. Box 7092  
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# ISSUES

## Winter Olympics '98 SKI UTAH!

On November 7, Utah will vote on a special referendum to fund facilities to host the 1998 Winter Olympics. If the measure is approved, the International Olympic Committee will award the games to either Utah or Japan. Last Saturday, Student Review's Eric Schulzke visited with Tom Welch, chairman of the Utah Winter Olympics Organizing Committee, in his Salt Lake home and recorded the following interview.



SR art by Jeff Lee

Since we're dealing with a political issue, the November 7th referendum, could we start with the principal objections to the Olympics coming to Utah?

It started with Merrill Cook, and I think he was just smart enough to read the polls. We had anywhere from 70% to 75% popular support, and for a time it dropped off to 48% when the issue of public spending came out. Virtually every opponent has come out on the spending question.

But since the first of September, with the visits of the Mayor of Calgary [site of the 1984 Winter Games] and as we've been able to start talking about what the public funding is all about, people have recognized that first, it is not a new tax; second, that if the Olympics do not come here, if we vote no, taxes aren't going to go down.

The referendum is a targeting of infrastructure dollars that otherwise

would be spent on other facilities. And so the real question that the people of Utah are going to have to face is whether there is anything else that offers us as good an opportunity for the using of those dollars as the Olympics.

So the referendum is not a tax increase. It's just a reallocation of existing funds?

It's not a tax increase. It's just an allocation of where our dollars will be spent. They are there, for infrastructure. They are not dollars that will go into schools or textbooks. They are not dollars that would be taken from other areas. They are infrastructure dollars.

Will other projects be neglected as a result?

Remember you're talking about only three cents for every hundred

dollars of sales tax that comes in, and so it's a very insignificant amount. But what our opponents are doing out there is trying to scare people by talking about taxes. Some people still don't know that it's not a property tax or a personal income tax. It's an existing sales tax.

I guess as soon as you connect "tax" and "vote" people assume you're voting on a tax increase, right?

Yes. And that's been our biggest problem. But now we're starting to see that change. The Utah Education Association has come out in favor of the Olympics. They compete for tax dollars too, but they realize that this is important for the long-term solution for this state. The Utah Public Employees Association supports us. The Utah Taxpayers Association supports us, and that is an ultra-conservative group that has, as far as I know, always opposed any type of public spending for anything. Yet they realize that these up-front dollars offer such a huge potential.

So what is it they are seeing? What is it exactly that Utah stands to gain from the Olympics?

First of all, we're not just talking about the Olympic games. We're talking about the development of a major segment of our economy—tourism and winter sports. We have the opportunity to become the winter sports capital of America. We're already seeing the results of just the image and reputation. Our resort reservations are running forty percent ahead of a year ago. The Utah Travel Council, with our permission, did a promotion with the theme "America's Choice." They have had five times the number of requests for information about tourism in Utah than in any past year. And that's not just winter tourism—that's summer tourism too.

So you have all the immediate benefits when there's a change in the image of the community. Secondly, there's the obvious economic opportunities that come with the direct dollars. You have to look at that in two areas. First, the Olympics themselves, because the impact of the Olympic games on our economy is 15,000 man-years of work. It's a billion dollars circulating through our economy, because while our budget shows 451 million hard dollars coming in, as that circulates through, it has the impact of nearly a billion dollars.

So that's the Olympics themselves, the influx of people that winter?

Right, that's just the Olympics themselves. But when the Olympics were over last year, Calgary's tourism was up 25%. This year it was up another 25%. Calgary did in 1982 what we ought to be doing in 1989. The difference is when Calgary did it, they didn't have any ski resorts. The closest ski resort was about two hours out of town. In 1982, Calgary was very much like Midland/Odessa, Texas—80% dependent on the oil industry, but after they received the bid to host the '88 games they not only survived, but thrived

during that eight year period. Today, Midland/Odessa has about 2/3 to 1/2 of the population they had in 1982. Calgary has 135% of what they had. Midland/Odessa has about a 35% vacancy in houses. Calgary is full.

Utah's economy would obviously prosper if the state invested the funds, but are there any specific mechanisms built into the referendum to return money directly to the state?

Yes. The commitment that the Olympic Committee has made is that we repay dollar for dollar, every public dollar that goes into the development of Olympic facilities. So we not only get the tax revenues that result from the broader economy, but we will repay those dollars as a budgeted line-item.

How do you intend to do that?

Out of the revenues when they first start flowing. You see, our opponents are trying to scare people by talking about prehistoric Olympics. Anything before LA in 1984 was a whole different animal. For example, Lake Placid's TV revenues in 1980 were \$30 million. In 1988, Calgary received \$309 million.

Two weeks ago I met with the people from CBS. As they went through our budget and looked at our projected TV revenues, they said the one thing that stands out to them is that we've understated our income. We intentionally did so; we based it on the Calgary games, because we didn't want our opposition to be able to criticize our figures. And no one has questioned our budget.

Beyond the economic benefits Utah stands to reap, what other effect will hosting the Olympics have on the state?

There are two other important benefits. The first is the change in image. One of the most significant impacts we will have is that people will recognize what kind of a community we have here and what kind of people we are. In 1985, when we went against Anchorage for the '92 Olympics, we lost not because of our facilities, but because people didn't know what we had to offer.

The perception of us is a quaint, provincial mountain community of conservative people who wear black hats and long beards. They don't understand us, and what kind of reports do we generate out of the state? Adam Swapp and John Singer and the penny stock fraud capital of the world. We have a horrible image out there.

The people who run the Utah Economic Development Organization say there is a remarkable change in the amount and types of questions they have received from companies looking for places to locate since we've become "America's Choice." Suddenly, people are starting to notice us. We went out and competed with the best winter cities in America and in the world, and came away winners. The *Denver Post* was headlined "Salt Lake Replaces Colorado as Western Hub."

Let me tell you a couple of stories.

Two weeks after we won the bid, somebody sent me clippings from Bangkok, Thailand. On the front page it talked about Utah's selection as "America's choice."

Even more significant, after we won the bid on June 4, my neighbor, Jon Huntsman, was in Russia. He didn't know the outcome of our selection. He was being introduced to the Undersecretary for Economic Development in the Soviet Union. They introduced him as Jon Huntsman of Huntsman Chemical and after they shook hands, the minister said three things to him.

He said, "Jon Huntsman," and Jon said yes.

He said, "Salt Lake City."

"Yes."

"Mormon."

"Yes."

"America's choice to host the 1998 Olympic Games."

Stop and think about that for a moment. Three days after the decision, half way around the world, the person in charge of economic development in the Soviet Union was aware of Salt Lake's selection to host the games. We've seen things follow from that. We've already received an invitation to bid to host the world short track speed skating championships in 1992. The Pan American Winter Games Association is looking very seriously at coming in here to open our facilities in 1993. Not to mention the conventions and many other things that are developing.

You mentioned two non-economic benefits, the image being one. What was the other?

I think perhaps most significant for me is the impact it's going to have on our children. We will take part in history. We will be building a legacy as an Olympic city that will pay dividends for generations to come and will be a part of their lives as they grow up. These young people will participate in the opening and closing events. Some may compete as athletes because they will be able to train on these facilities. They are going to take part in opening the borders of this state to the people of the world, as we send the message out that the world is welcome here. Over the next eight years we plan to take into every community in this state and into every school the opportunity to be a sponsor of a country that will be coming here to compete. And when the Czechoslovaks come over to compete in a world cup, we will bring those people in and they will be here to welcome them. They will have a recognition and a pride that develops, not only from hosting the games, but of an understanding of who they are and how they relate to the rest of the world. And from that, they will play a significant part in the future efforts of peace and understanding among all mankind. That may be the most significant thing.

Will there be environmental side-effects?

We are committed to making 1988 the most environmentally sensitive

see Ski Utah on page 15



A Student Review Photo Survey

First Impressions

Interviews by Cynthia Moon  
Photos by Reha K. Deal



"Being here with 30,000 other people the same age and the same religion is great."  
Dan Dahl Bozeman, MT



"The Y-Groups and orientation activities were really good."  
Tiffany Harwood Los Angeles, CA



"Walking into American Heritage with 900 people was a little scary."  
Cassie Rampton Austin, TX



"Everyone worked hard at making us feel welcome."  
Joyce Christensen Visalia, CA



"It was a big shock. I've never been around so many Mormons before."  
Brian Jackson Austin, TX

Freshmen—  
It's Not Your Fault

by Howard Nielson

You may have been tempted to take the name "Freshman" in vain when you pushed through extra-crowded halls or stood in extra-long lines for late registration the first few days of the semester. But it's really not their fault. Although there are many new faces on campus this year, the freshman class is actually 5.8% smaller. According to the Dean of Registration and Admissions, 4,627 new freshmen enrolled at BYU this year, 285 fewer than last year. This

year's class is not only smaller, it's smarter. The new freshman class came to BYU with an average high school GPA of 3.49 and an average ACT score of 24.7. It's true that BYU is more crowded than last year, but not much more. New student, transfer student, and returning student enrollment decreased slightly. The blame for campus over crowding belongs to continuing students, whose enrollment is up by 600. Overall enrollment

is up .7%, a mere 285-student increase. The continuing student enrollment increase has caused problems, especially for those who missed registration deadlines. The number of students referred from day classes to night school increased by 900 this year. So if you are annoyed by your night classes or the crowded Cougarreat, don't blame the freshmen.

Club Spotlight:  
College Americans

The College Americans began in the fall of 1987, motivated by President Benson's September 1986 devotional address, "The Constitution: A Heavenly Banner." The club is dedicated, as stated by club president Alexis de Gaston, to "the counsel of the prophets to uphold the principles of the Constitution." The club recently sponsored the "Title of Liberty Symposium" which concluded with an address by Cleon Skousen, best known for his book *The Naked Communist*. Gaston said he hopes the symposium will become a yearly activity. As stated in their manifesto, the club believes "in 'Americanism' in an active sense." They reject "all attempts to weaken America's sovereignty or to join in a world government. The College Americans believe in FREEDOM." Furthermore, club members "do not cower at the thought of giving their lives to preserve freedom." In regards to those who oppose the viewpoints and proposals of the College Americans, the manifesto states that these are the kind of people who want "more government control over our lives, less freedom, and debased morality." It continues by saying secret combinations are the source of opposition to liberty, and that these combinations "are so powerful and clever that their influence is felt even here at BYU." The club meets each Tuesday at 7 p.m. in 259 ELWC to discuss these topics. The College Americans make their conservative influence felt by writing letters to Congressmen and local newspapers. They hold social activities once a month.

John Woods is...

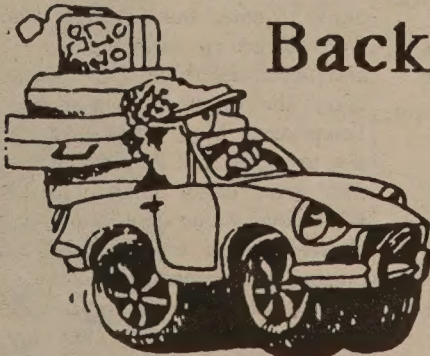
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# CAMPUS LIFE

## The Best and Worst of Provo

by Dan Sorensen

**Worst thrill on campus:**  
Finding the lid of your uneaten yogurt in your backpack.

**Best thrill on campus:**  
Finding your former fiance' fat and unhappy.

**Another great thrill:**  
Watching a mean person trip.

**Worst ward activities:**  
Squirt gun, "gotcha" games with over 200 participants.

**Best staircase on campus:**  
The Crabtree circular staircase.

**Best slang term in town:**  
"Roll", ie "We rolled."

**Worst slang term in this city:**  
"Fetch," ie "We fetchin' rolled."

**Best things to say on a first date:**  
"Yes," "Yes," "No."  
"Never!!!"

**Worst comment to date**

while passing through rural areas on way to Salt Lake:  
"Was that you?"

**Worst comment to hear from roommates about your date:**  
"Well...she's got a nice personality."

**Best character from BYU film:**  
Bryce Chamberlain in "Man's Search for Happiness." Not only does he never have a hair out of place, but he seems to have all the answers to life's difficult questions like, "Where did I come from, why am I here, and why don't I get to speak any lines in this movie?"

**Worst BYU film studio production:**  
Johnny Lingo. The tropical island setting is nice, but the eight-cow woman concept is a bit out of place in this day and age. Maybe a new film concerning diamond carat size would be a bit more ap-

propriate for this generation.

**Worst date on campus:**  
Morality firesides.

**Best example of BYU graduate:**  
Steve Young, San Francisco 49ers.

**Worst example of U of U graduate:**  
Ted Bundy, somewhere in Florida.

**Worst music to play on a date:**  
1. Guns and Roses, "Appetite for Destruction."  
2. Led Zeppelin I.  
3. Cultural music from mission.  
4. Any tapes left over from one's mission.

**Best way to break into a sweat in Utah County:**  
1. Climbing Mt. Timp.  
2. Climbing West stairs when late for class.

**Worst way to open up the sweat pores:**  
1. Visit the Ivy Tower.



2. Visit your Bishop for an ecclesiastical endorsement interview.

**Best place to live:**  
A house south of campus, or maybe a condo.

**Worst place to live:**  
1977 Chevette parked in U-lot.

**Best place to make out in Utah:**  
Capital hill in Salt Lake City.

**Worst place to make out in Utah:**  
1977 Chevette parked in U-lot.

**Best place for cheap entertainment:**  
HFAC

**Worst place for cheap entertainment:**  
Squaw Peak.

**Best Church Meeting time killer:**

Randomly take the titles of hymns and add the phrase "in the bathtub" onto the end. Try it! It's hours of fun for everyone and certainly more creative than doodling on the back of a church program or reorganizing your Franklin planner.

**Worst Church meeting time killer:**

Deciding that maybe it has been awhile since you've stood up a said your peace and maybe this is the time and this is the meeting....

**Worst bed on campus:**  
Lee Library fourth floor car-rols.

**Best bed on campus:**  
HBLL learning resource center desktop.

**Best line to be in on campus:**  
The wait for the international cinema.

**Worst line on campus:**  
The testing center during finals. And we all thought hell came after we died.

**Best things about life in Provo:**  
Having lost articles returned, safe streets, friendly services at businesses.

**Worst thing about life in Provo:**  
The guy who cuts you off on University Avenue is probably your hometeacher.

**Best kinds of roommates to have:**  
Those who will lend you their clothes, their car, and their money.

**Worst kind of roommates to have:**  
Those who want to borrow your clothes, your car, and your money.

**Best thing to hope for after graduation:**  
Salvation.

**Worst thing to expect after graduation:**  
Employment in Wyoming.

**Best topics for a first date:**  
Your famous relatives and your prior achievements.

**Worst topics for a first date:**  
Your prior arrest record, your church court and family members with histories of mental illness.

**Worst ethnic food to prepare for a date:**  
Kim Chee. Runner up: Lynn Wilson Burritos.

**Best thing about being an R.M.:**  
Reading literature in original language.

**Worst thing about being an R.M.:**  
Male pattern baldness.

## Wanger Manor: A House for Freshmen

by Darren Vance

I looked like a freshman. It was the year before my mission, September of 1984. And there I was, somewhere on I-15, making the 600-plus mile trip from my home in California to a place called Provo. I had my convertible. I had my stereo. I had my skies, posters, cooler, and Vivarin. It was obvious to the old duffers at the various gas stations who I was, what I was, and where I was going. "So you're off to the B.Y., eh?" I liked that, because that was where my education began—talking with and listening to those old men who sat in cafe chairs beneath some "EATS" sign. I was a freshman on my way to a huge university to learn about the quadratic formula, The Federalist Papers, Chaucer, and hopefully, something about myself in the process.

I felt like a freshman. This was the real thing: 25,000 students, painted faces at football games, Biology100, co-eds, and \$50.00 books. I was scared out of my mind.

Once in Provo, instead of pulling up in front of DT or Helaman Halls, I parked my car in front of my very own house, located just around the corner from what was then known as the Star Palace. As discovered later in the year, this turned out to be an advantageous location. No

one was at home, but the door was wide open, so I pulled into the driveway and unpacked. The stereo went in the front room, with the large color TV, and the rest of my stuff in the bedroom. The sink was full of dirty dishes. The washer and dryer looked great, but were full, and there was something living in the fridge. Nevertheless, it was all mine and I was at home. I had no idea that most freshman lived in the dorms, and were to lead vastly different lives as freshmen.

The name of our house to our ward and anyone who dared to enter was "Wanger Manor." And so in the ward directory next to names such as "Alcatraz" and "Brair Patch" stood "Wanger Manor." I didn't know the origin of the name, nor did I wish to. Telephones were answered, "Wanger Manor, we aim to please." If they didn't hang up they found that they were either talking to Ling Wanger or Dink Winkmeyer, alter-egos for my cousin and I. This allowed us to screen calls and get dates without putting our names on the line.

Once school began, mornings started by wrestling each other out of bed. He slept in the buff, so this was always an event. Occasionally, cold water was introduced to specific areas of his blankets. It was

please see **Manor** on page 8



# Lilly

by Russel Wrangle

I was in love with Lilly, a beautiful rich girl from the East. It started like any romance. We met, we dated, we fell in love. For some time we experienced the carefree feelings that come when a relationship is without responsibility.

But being at the age where marriage is important I decided that she was the one for me.

She grew up in the wealthy part of New Jersey. Her dad commuted to New York each day to head the law department of an international insurance company. He drove a red Porsche. Mom drove a new Audi. The kids did not hold jobs. For the summer they were all flown to Europe for ski camp. Lilly told me that at times this camp got pretty rough, especially when the trains that took them to the ski slopes were over crowded and she had to stand. It made her tired for the ski day.

The beds were not comfortable either. How could anyone sleep on a bunk without a down comforter? The roughest time was when she went on a two-day trip away from any phone service. There was no way to get hold of Daddy to ask for more money. This was when home sickness really set in.

In high school she was asked by a less-than-desirable boy to go to a school dance. Her parents could not see her go through the ordeal of turning him down without an excuse. They taught that lying was a bad habit. So they flew her to California for the weekend to visit friends. This was the perfect excuse to turn him down, and she would not have to lie.

I grew up in Palm Springs, California. By living in Palm Springs you would probably expect that my dad has a family membership at one of the local tennis clubs, and that I spent my Saturdays taking tennis lessons, or swinging golf clubs at a driving range. Actually the only thing I swung on a golf course was a rake. My dad is a gardener. He works for people that play golf all day. He works for people like Lilly's dad, lawyers from the east that come to their condos "on the green" to escape the cold.

During the summers I was able to work with my dad. I felt pretty grand if I was able to ride in one of the trash barrels in the back of his truck. All the trimmings and dirt would blow up my nose and go down my pants. One day my dad set me down on the tailgate of the truck and said, "Russel, you're getting to be a man now, it's about time you stopped being my weed puller and moved up to the power lawn mower."

I was elated. No more soil stained hands and wet knees. I was going to learn a man's job. From that day on I quit riding in the back of the truck; a man doesn't do that sort of thing.

My dad drove his old '69 Chevy pick-up, and spoiled my mom with an old Toyota with a bad transmission that he bought used for \$500.

When word got out to Lilly's dad that I was someone real special, he flew out to meet me. When they

pulled up in their rented Ford Escort I was stacking wood in the yard. I was assured that the car was only a rental. Lilly stayed in the car while he got out to meet me. We shook hands and went through the formalities; then he invited me to dine with them.

After he left I asked my friend if he thought Lilly's dad was impressed that I was dressed in grubbies and manually stacking wood. He said "any potential father-in-law would be impressed with someone that knows how to work hard and get dirty."

Her dad took us to the fanciest place in town. We dined, he talked, and I felt intimidated. He told me about his law practice, and the stress he was under trying to prepare a multi-million dollar case against a rival company. I talked of mowers, and how my dad can now afford to purchase a new fleet of Toro Upright Mow Masters. There was probably nothing I could have said that would have impressed him. I was doomed to fail the second my dad chose gardening as a career.

So I thought about choosing a lucrative occupation. First I chose law because that is what he did. Though not as lucrative yet still prestigious, I then chose English as a major. I pictured myself being a scholarly man with essays and novels that would change people. I knew that with these worthy ambitions Daddy would accept me as a worthy candidate for his daughter's hand.

I visited her family that summer. I told him about my hopes of becoming

an English scholar, and maybe a professor. I knew he would love me now. How could he not be impressed with an English major? Then he said, "English is a worthy major, and even praiseworthy, but the only job in business for an English graduate is to write speeches and memos for the CEO's and other top executives. My daughter is used to a certain way of life— a nice house, expensive cars, beautiful clothes, and all the other things that make one happy. As an English professor you would only make a modest living that would make my little girl very unhappy."

It took her going on a six month study abroad for me to come to my senses. While she was gone I stopped worrying about which prestigious city I wanted to live in, or where I could find the best deals on the most expensive clothes with emblems on the left tit. I started thinking more about what I enjoyed, and less about the money I could make.

When she came back, I broke up.

Now that I'm out of the relationship I see that we both tried to bend unnaturally: she to the working class, me to the upper-class. We had nothing in common.

She is around somewhere going to flamboyant parties, wearing expensive clothes and fitting in with the "cool" crowd. I am wearing my dad's old hand-me-down dungarees, sitting around Saturdays writing these essays.

Russel mountain bikes, lifeguards and dates beautiful gypsy girls.



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SEPTEMBER 25 - 29 PROGRAM SCHEDULE						
TIME	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
8:30a	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT
9:00a	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	BYU SPORTS J.V. Football
9:30a	Computerworks	Economics U.S.A.	Economics U.S.A.	Economics U.S.A.	Computerworks	BYU vs Air Force
10:00a	Against All Odds	Against All Odds	Business of Management	Against All Odds	Against All Odds	
10:30a	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes	
11:00a	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	
11:30a	Focus on Society	Business of Management	Focus on Society	Business of Management	Focus on Society	
12:00n	Faces of Culture	The Business File	Faces of Culture	The Business File	Faces of Culture	Saturday Cinema
12:30p	American Adventure	American Adventure	American Adventure	Focus on Society	American Adventure	
1:00p	The Write Course	This is the Life	The Write Course	Faces of Culture	Economics U.S.A.	
1:30p	Here's to your Health	Here's to your Health	Here's to your Health	This is the Life	Here's to your Health	
2:00p	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT
2:30p						
3:00p						
3:30p						
4:00p	NewsBeat	NewsBeat	NewsBeat	NewsBeat	NewsBeat	
4:30p	BYU SPORTS SOCCER	BYU SPORTS SOCCER	BYU SPORTS SOCCER	BYU SPORTS J.V. Football	BYU SPORTS J.V. Football	
5:00p	BYU vs Utah Heat	BYU vs Utah Heat	BYU vs Utah Heat	BYU vs Air Force	BYU vs Air Force	
5:30p						
6:00p						
6:30p	South Africa Now	Dance Connection	Gillette World Sports	Japan Today Weekly/Let's Learn Japanese	Hello Austria/Hello Vienna	
7:00p	Inside South Africa	Classic Movie: Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon	In Style With Jacques	Let's Learn Japanese	Euro Business Weekly	
7:30p	Fishing Texas		Looking East	Business Nippon	Classic Movie: Sneak Preview	
8:00p	Outdoor Sportsman		Dor Lewis	Classic Movie: Nine Days a Queen		
8:30p	Canadian Sportfishing		TBA			
9:00p	Twin Star	France Today (French)	Reggae Strong			
9:30p	South Africa Now		Gillette World Sports		Outdoor Life	
10:00p	INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A	



# Eavesdropper

Monday, September 18, 1989, 9:57 am:  
near the ELWC

Young, blonde girl with sweater: So he asked me to pull my skirt down over my knees.

Young, blonde bewildered girl with mini skirt: Well, that's dumb. I mean, why pull it down to walk to class if your just going to pull it up when you get to class?

Young, blonde girl with sweater: Yeah, I know, that's just what I did.

Tuesday, September 19, 1989 9:47 am:  
en route to the JSB

Man: I've approved the redecoration of the locker room.

Younger man: Oh, Coach, that's GREAT!

Man: Only one problem, Ty. It'll be in blue and white.

Younger man: No PAISLEY? Darn, Coach, it's not the same effect....

Saturday, September 16, 1989 1:20 pm:  
Morris Center Cafeteria

Girl (sobbing): I was like, totally, you know?

Guy (sympathetically): Dude....

Girl (glaring fiercely): Just, like, oh my HECK....

Guy: Bogus. Most non-triumphant.

Girl (cheerfully): Hey, that was an

awesome movie!

Guy (proudly): Rockin'. I saw it seven times.....

Sunday, September 17, 1989 12:30 pm:  
Cougar Eat

One good-looking-down-to-earth kind of guy to another: (referring to clubbies): I love open-minded people with all the same haircut.

Thursday, September 21, 1989 12:15 pm:  
Walkway from Helaman to Campus by the Tanner Building

Vehement brunette: The guy is a total loser. I don't know why he doesn't just admit it. He's pulled so many stupid stunts. Take the Chappaquidick incident...

Frustrated blonde: I don't know any of these current events.

## Advice for Our Day

Many people are so constituted, that if you put them in a parlor, keep a good fire for them, furnish them tea, cake, sweet meats, etc., and nurse them tenderly, soaking their feet, and putting them to bed, they will die in a short time, but throw them into snow banks, and they will live a great many years.

Journal of Discourses 4:295

## Manor from page 6

then a sprint to campus after stopping at Crest for a big gulp Dr. Pepper to perk us up. Because of our proximity to campus, lunch was had at home with the TV or the newspaper. After that, a few more classes and we were done. None of had to work because the rent was rather cheap. (Okay, so my dad owned the place.) So it was a choice of playing or studying—always an easy choice. But out of necessity I spent time at the library—there was no way to study at the Manor.

As I said before living close to the Palace afforded us some advantages. By examining the number of cars beginning to park on our street, we could always tell if the dance was happening or not. When it was packed we closed our books and went over. Here we met people our own age, and it was much easier to get them to come around the corner to our place for videos than it would have been to get them into a dorm lounge. This was a definite plus. Of course, this didn't stop my brother's pre-law

friend from streaking through our video parties. If the Palace was lame, we would go with my brother's older "of age" friends to—dare I say the name?—the Silver Spur on Center St. We stood out like the BYU students that we were, but we had fun. One time we even trekked down to Santaquin where we helped literally close down Walt's Tavern. I've never danced so much in my life.

The snowmobiling at my friends' ranch in Wallsberg, skiing free at

Sundance, victory parties at Wanger Manor (where most of the cars parked on the lawn), and visiting most of the local jacuzzis made my freshman year.

I even pulled an A in Calculus and got my best GPA ever. Don't ask me how.

But despite all this, when my kids go to college, I'll probably encourage them to live in the dorms their first year for the obvious benefits as far as getting to know people your own age. But I'll never regret my first year at BYU in Wanger Manor.



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ENTRIES DUE 01 November 1989

WINNERS PRINTED 08 November 1989

## Top Twenty

- |  |                         |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1. Sabbath day thunder and lightning shows | 13. Socccercats         |
| 2. hot, homemade bread                     | 14. job charts          |
| 3. overcoming cancer                       | 15. suede shoes         |
| 4. red VW's                                | 16. intramural football |
| 5. chewing ice                             | 17. 2-for-1 yogurt      |
| 6. "groovy"                                | 18. legal pain killers  |
| 7. fall colors in the canyons              | 19. blind dates         |
| 8. right-brained people                    | 20. Ty Detmer           |

## Bottom Ten

Hurricanes that wipe out old mission areas, telemarketing, Woodstock overkill, mid-semester marriage, ward photo directories, drop fees, practice hymns, roses for roommates, the sniffles, Oregon weather in Utah.

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# SPORTS

## Freshman Athletic Dorms: Part of a Good Policy

### Meet the WWF

by Dave Cloes

Pro wrestling is no longer for the chosen few grandmothers and scout troops of the South. Thanks to Ted Turner and flamboyant promoters, it is now a part of all of us.

Seeing that it is destined to be the most frequently discussed topic among the truly hip while eating a taco salad at the Cougar Eat this semester, trend-conscious Cougars take note. Use these few snippets of info wisely and soon you will be admired by all.

To get going, start with the latest top five ranking: 1) Hulk Hogan, 2) Lex Luger, 3) Rick Steamboat, 4) Sting, and 5) Randy Savage. Next, work into the world of tag team by becoming familiar with the top three teams: 1) Demolition, 2) The Road Warriors, and 3) The Samoan Swat Team. Lately, no lunch would be complete without a dabble into speculation about midget wrestling and the wonderful women of wrestling.

So there you have it. A quick guide to popularity. You'll be able to establish status as a relative fountain of knowledge in just a few days of light conversation amongst the inept. To those who doubt these words beware. They are everywhere...wrestlin' fans, that is.

by Grant Madsen

The original idea was to help create better team unity and spirit. But now athletic dorms are coming under fire as sanctuaries of the elite and those beyond the law. The indictment of several Oklahoma and Colorado football players and other incidents across the country have caused many to take a closer look at the role of the athlete on a university campus.

In some cases the result has been frightening, particularly in the much publicized case of the Oklahoma football dorms. Brian Bosworth, in his book BOZ, indicates that semiautomatic weapons were a common possession among players. Sports Illustrated reported that, despite rules, alcohol was ever present in the dorms at Oklahoma and that other narcotics were also available. But what is most disturbing about the events at Okla-

homa is that university officials were apparently oblivious to it all. Only after law enforcement officials and the press became involved did Oklahoma University begin to look into the problem of its elite football program. One of the first conclusions it made was that through neglect the athletic dorms had become an incubator for delinquent and in some cases illegal behavior. Out of this has come the resignation of the university's football coach (Barry Switzer), its athletic director, and its president.

Other universities, however, have done an excellent job in preventing and correcting delinquent behavior among athletes. Among these is our own Brigham Young University. Since the athletic dorms are in the midst of all the

freshman dorms (ironically enough, in Helaman Halls the athletes' dorm is right next to the honors students' dorm) the resulting interaction removes some of the image of the athletic elite. The athletic dorms (like all dorms on campus) are used primarily for freshmen. This also helps in the battle against the athletic elite image since freshmen are rarely considered the elite, no matter what their athletic contribution. The religious setting and student wards certainly help. But what is probably the most effective policy is the stance the University Athletic Department has taken towards its athletes. In the words of offensive tackle Neil Fort, "They try real hard to treat us just like normal students."

### Meet the Sports Staff

A freshman here at BYU, Anna Lisa Aagard considers herself an environmentalist, humanitarian, nature lover, and not a rebel. She is the only girl and the only freshman on our sports staff. She hates Debbie Gibson, but still is able to appreciate both classical and reggae music. Born on May 5, 1971, she is the third of eight children.

Anna Lisa is a graduate of the The Waterford School, where she played soccer for four years. Her ideal marriage is simply not showing any public display of affection at family get-togethers. "I hate that," she says.

Got an article?

Slip it into locker  
#300, ELWC  
(across from the  
bowling alley).

#### AFC STANDINGS

EASTERN	W	L	PF	PA
Buffalo	2	1	88	93
Indianapolis	1	2	54	70
Miami	1	2	81	77
N. England	1	2	40	72
N.Y. Jets	1	2	88	98

CENTRAL	W	L	PF	PA
Cleveland	2	0	89	24
Cincinnati	1	1	55	27
Houston	1	2	82	112
Pittsburgh	1	2	37	106

WESTERN	W	L	PF	PA
Denver	3	0	93	55
Kansas City	1	2	50	74
L.A. Raiders	1	2	80	69
San Diego	1	2	62	80
Seattle	1	2	55	68

#### NFC STANDINGS

EASTERN	W	L	PF	PA
N.Y. Giants	3	0	86	45
Philadelphia	2	1	101	82
Phoenix	2	1	57	72
Washington	1	2	91	76
Dallas	0	3	28	85

CENTRAL	W	L	PF	PA
Chicago	3	0	102	48
Tampa Bay	2	1	59	51
Green Bay	1	2	94	98
Minnesota	1	2	59	72
Detroit	0	3	54	87

WESTERN	W	L	PF	PA
L.A. Rams	3	0	103	76
San Fran.	3	0	88	68
Atlanta	1	2	57	65
New Orleans	1	2	72	55

### Scoreboard

#### LAST WEEK

**San Francisco 38, Philadelphia 28**  
Joe reminds Randall we're still in the 80's.  
Roger Craig 40 yds. in 24 rushes last 2 games.

**Buffalo 47, Houston 41 OT**  
This one looked like Rocky V.  
Pittsburgh 27, Minnesota 14  
Did anyone really pick this one?

**Chicago 47, Detroit 17**  
Barry Sanders: 126 yds. in less than 3 quarters.  
Tomczak isn't that bad.

**Indianapolis 13, Atlanta 9**  
Falcons' first '89 turnover costs them the game.

**Tampa Bay 20, New Orleans 10**  
Has anyone else ever lost back to back games to the Packers and the Buccaneers?

**N.Y. Giants 35, Phoenix 7**  
Hogeboomed: 4 of his first 8 passing attempts were picked off.

**Seattle 24, New England 3**  
Seahawks fans breathe a sigh of relief, but Pats are so bad the fans want Flutie again.

**Washington 30, Dallas 7**  
Cowboys' offense: 15 rushes for 34 yds., 0 td's,  
Cowboy's defense: 1 rush for 77 yds., 1 td.

**L.A. Rams 41, Green Bay 38**  
Packers 1 yd. from 31 point comeback.

**San Diego 21, Kansas City 6**  
McMahon: 11 for 18, 98 yds. with 1 td. DeBerg  
5 for 28, 71 yds. to Charger's defense.

**N.Y. Jets 40, Miami 33**  
Will Marino ever be sacked again?

**Denver 31, L.A. Raiders 21**  
Small consolation for Al Davis: Raiders had  
well balanced offense (3 interceptions, 3 fumbles).

**Statistic of the Week:**  
The AFC is 2-6 vs. the NFC so far this year,  
and it shouldn't get any better. The Vikings can  
only play so many AFC teams.

#### COLLEGE FOOTBALL TOP 20

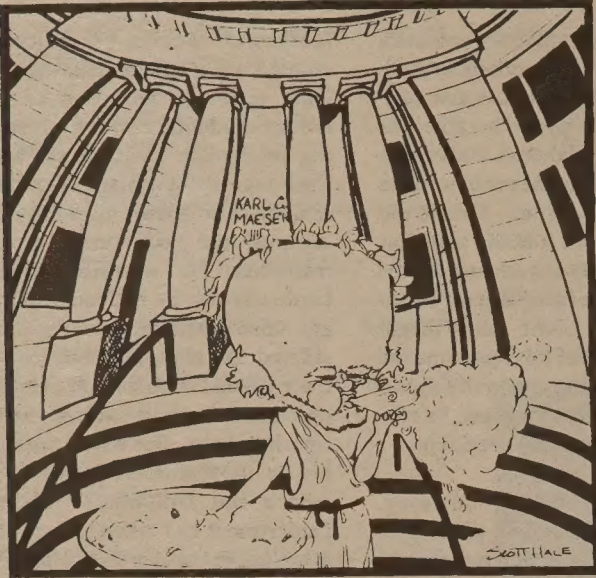
- 1. Notre Dame (3-0)**  
Defeated Michigan State 21-13, extended win streak to 15.
- 2. Miami (3-0)**  
Whipped Missouri 38-7, holding Tigers to minus 47 yards rushing.
- 3. Michigan (1-1)**  
Edged UCLA 24-23 on last second field goal.
- 4. (3-0)**  
Pasted Minnesota 48-0. Enough said.
- 5. Clemson (4-0)**  
Downed Maryland 31-7.
- 6. Auburn (2-0)**  
Idle. Would be higher, but as yet untested.
- 7. Colorado (3-0)**  
Player of week: Sal Aunese, "the heart and soul of the team." Our condolences.
- 8. West Virginia (4-0)**  
Stopped Louisville 30-21. A Major victory.
- 9. Arkansas (2-0)**  
Survived Mississippi 24-17 on last second interception.
- 10. Dallas Cowboys (0-3)**  
Lots of talent and lots of tough breaks. With easier schedule, could go far (ask Nebraska).
- 11. Southern Cal (3-0)**
- 12. Pittsburgh (3-0)**
- 13. Tennessee (3-0)**
- 14. Alabama (2-0)**
- 15. Houston (2-0)**
- 16. N.C. State (4-0)**
- 17. Washington State (4-0)**
- 18. Arizona (3-1)**
- 19. Syracuse (2-1)**
- 20. Air Force (4-0)**



# A University Education

by Joanna Brooks

I remember taking a tour of the College of Humanities last spring. Twenty other visiting students and I sat around a long wooden table, eye to eye with the dean and the finest professors of the college. We plied them with questions about various majors and programs; they returned with queries about our backgrounds and interests in their honorable field. And then, one girl who was either very brave or very stupid asked the question. It was received like a friendly letter bomb. "What do



you do, career-wise, with a degree in English or Humanities?"

The professors groaned painfully. And among the lamentations and utterances of despair, we could somehow collect the college's official answer: "Humanities is not a career. Please do not associate our quest for the profound and the true with the lower, temporal quest for money and sustenance. A liberal arts education is an end in itself."

And somewhat puzzled—having been taught that at the end of four years of labor and expense in college, graduates emerge both intellectually enlightened and with some idea of how to survive for another forty or fifty years—twenty future freshmen got their first taste of what a true "University Experience" promised.

I am sure that it was in direct response to my friend's unpopular inquiry, and to further accustom the freshman palate to the flavor of a liberal arts education, that the forces of this university created the pamphlet *University Education: Traditions, Visions, Ideas* and mailed it to every member of the incoming freshman class during this past summer.

*Traditions, Visions, Ideas* contains fifty pages of essays written largely by BYU professors on the virtues of acquiring true moral, intellectual, and spiritual richness during a lifetime of education. It also contains the mission statement of BYU, as related by Jeffrey Holland, and Spencer Kimball's vision of BYU's future. The essays themselves are punctuated on each page with the words of the world's greatest thinkers; quotes from Plutarch, Plato, and Bacon occupy the margins more profoundly than the writers of the text.

"Convince yourself," the pamphlet pleads, "that these next four years will be worth the effort in their own right. Do not come here preparing for another year's pay-off. Find the pay-off each day in your learning."

This booklet is the stuff of educational inspiration. It expresses the hope of the Harvard developed "Core Curriculum." It extolls the liberal arts. It praises the intellectual purist. It spells out the credo of the finest learners in the world: knowledge is purely its own end and its own reward. One can almost see Socrates pacing between the columns of the Maeser building on the front cover, ivy leaves almost curl around the edges of the pages. If read and digested thoroughly, *Traditions, Visions, Ideas* has the potential to convert a freshman generation

# OPINION

to believe in true education for education's sake.

But it was July when the booklet arrived in mailboxes nationwide. July. Anti-academia at its ripest hour. Ivy leaves wilted, Socrates disappeared to find cooler quarters, and the booklet was thrown into the average freshman's "BYU file" among the housing payment contracts and registration bulletins. In July, Descartes is out. Da beach is in, man.

September, however, brought a change in heart in the once prodigal class of freshmen. And when syllabus after syllabus referred to *Traditions, Visions, Ideas* as a text to be studied and absorbed, student after student returned to reclaim the lost manuscript.

What an effect the words "by Monday" have. A miraculous metamorphosis was witnessed in many Freshmen English classes: the idiot became the idiot savant, toting his or her freshly marked, new-found scripture. Suddenly, freshmen who didn't even pay attention to the pamphlet upon its arrival were spouting platitudes on the virtue of its approach towards education. The names Plato, Plutarch, and Aristotle dripped from lips of would-be purists during class discussion. "I believe wholeheartedly in Socrates' objection to sophistry and his critical search for definitive morals . . ." (It sounds good, and it's what the teacher wants to hear.)

What a swift change of posture! It was amazing to hear freshmen who, upon leaving home, promised to return four

please see **Education**  
on page 11

# A Marxist Reflection

by Terry Eagleton

Let me tell you a story about a great leader named Josef. Josef Stalin, that is. This story has been raised at various times on the question of Stalinism, and I have said that Marxists shouldn't disown responsibility for that. So I want to tell you a story about transitions from early socialist hopes to Stalinism, a story that you are free to interpret in any way you want.

Once upon a time there was a set of documents which preached a message of human emancipation. This emancipation was to be effected in a very precise way. It was to be effected by solidarity among the most despised and dispossessed in society; it was thought to involve a revolutionary reversal in which the poor would be filled with good things and the rich would be sent away empty. It was a reversal which would involve conflict, suffering, violence, and crucifixion. Those who committed themselves to this message of emancipation were warned to be deeply suspicious of the powers of this world, to spurn worldly success and achievement, to be on their guard when men flattered and admired them, to recognize that redemption and revolution lay in utter self-dispossession which is, of course, impossible.

They were to take no thought for tomorrow but live like wanderers

and outcasts, to shun all respectability, to regard states and thrones and ruling powers as the natural enemies of truth and justice. They were to reject all of those lesser bonds which prevented them from fulfilling their revolutionary mission. They must be prepared to reject families and even friends to see that the universality of that revolutionary project meant that it could in no

way be identified—indeed, it would be blasphemous to identify it—with the cultural mores of any particular nation.

Most of the leaders of this movement were crucified in one way or another, put to death as political criminals, enemies of the state, by various ruling powers who feared the power of their popularity. Those persecuted leaders knew that the paradoxical truth of their mission was, "If you don't love, you're dead, and if you do, they'll kill you." However, after a while, things being as imperfect as they are in this world, this movement of revolutionary emancipation began to turn into the very image of its oppressor.

Very soon, we began to witness the unbelievable scandal of this movement: the dispossessed setting up home with their sworn enemies and merging indissolubly into their image and likeness. Having lost much of its early revolutionary zeal

and vigor, this movement imperceptibly appeared neat, civilized, respectable, bland, and faceless. Followers preached of their commitment to the poor and were utterly indistinguishable from bankers, brokers, and bureaucrats. They were locked into an exploitable system which left two-thirds of humanity in the bread line. They were clamorous in their support for weapons of destruction. They converted a gospel of liberation into a legalistic textbook. They fussed with meaningless codes and pointless prohibitions while whole peoples groaned and languished before their eyes. Gradually they became censorious, autocratic, self-righteous, dogmatic. They banned anything they disapproved of, they suppressed and excluded opposition, they fired and hounded their own critics, and they believed themselves, with insane hubris, to possess the entire truth. They were terrified of freedom, though the word rang daily in their mouths. They paraded a democracy, and they ran a rigidly hierarchical, autocratic system.

They quickly forgot about the universality of their mission and came to commit the idolatry of, in effect, identifying that universal mission with the relative cultural values of a single country, the Soviet Union, which, of course, they believed in their hearts to be superior to all others. They made a fetish of one nation-state, bowed down be-



fore it, and adored it. Though they claimed to value the individual personality very strongly, they became so deeply conformist that the slightest deviation, criticism, or opposition became a threat to their identity.

As always, within this system, there were a minority of dissidents—some people called them Trotskyites or they had other kinds of names—well-meaning men and women who were deeply disturbed about what had now happened to their early creed and, as people tend to do in those circumstances, they persisted, at least for a while, and with admirable devotion and commitment and open-minded-

ness, they tried to reform the system from within. But some of them knew in their hearts, I think, that fidelity to their original creed could only mean, in the end, the revolutionary overthrow of the monster to which they had given birth.

Terry Eagleton, a foremost Marxist literary critic, spent a week on campus this summer for the annual faculty development seminar. He was observant of conditions here, as well as in the Soviet Union.



# Pogo and the "End Of History"

by William Grigg

In the most important sense, the Cold War is over. The confrontation was, at its core, a conflict of ideas about the nature of man and the objectives of government: whose insight into human nature was more reliable—Marx's or Madison's? That question has now been decided.

Allan Bloom has observed that the Cold War was indeed something unique: "Never has theory so dominated practice in the history of human affairs...This fifty years of opposition to fascism and communism provided us with clear moral goals, but they were negative. We took our orientation from the evil we faced, and it brought out the best in us." Bloom is one of many who have concluded that Marxism/Leninism, the surviving variant of totalitarianism, has been soundly defeated.

The summer issue of The National Interest magazine contains an essay by State Department Advisor Francis Fukuyama entitled "The End Of History?" Fukuyama contends that the triumph of the Western idea of government has signalled the end of history, here defined as the turbulent process in which great ideas collide.

Fukuyama writes: "The twentieth century saw the developed world descend into a paroxysm of ideological violence" as liberalism contended with the remnants of monarchism, then bolshevism and fascism. He concludes that the twentieth century, which began "full of self-confidence in the ultimate triumph of western liberal democracy," will end with the victory of western values.

The death of the last illiberal ideology, Marxism/Leninism, will lead to the "Common Marketization" of international relations, which will diminish the possibility of large-

scale conflicts between nation-states.

As Fukuyama implies, his analysis is similar to others that have appeared at various times during this century. During the 1920s many believed that "history" had run its course. The industrialized West was prospering, Lenin's Russia was experimenting with large-scale privatization, and Germany was seeking accommodation and integration into Western Europe.

Hugh Nibley points out that history is an adaptation of a word that refers to "the symptoms marking the course of a disease." Is it not a bit hubristic, then, to proclaim an end to "history?" Have we solved the human equation? Is Western Democracy, in its present manifestation, "history's" last word on governance? This is, to say the least, a doubtful proposition.

Madisonian democracy is, as Bloom points out, a negative concept of government; it seeks to prevent the establishment of the worst government rather than to provide the best. Glasnost has confirmed, in every particular, the indictment of Marxism delivered by the anti-communist right. Except for a few adamant ideologues in Cuba, North Korea, and the economics department at the University of Utah, it is now universally acknowledged that Marxism—in addition to being unfiltered nonsense—is a blueprint for the worst form of tyranny history has produced.

But universal agreement about the undesirability of Marxism does not signal the end of political struggle. As Peter Viereck pointed out in 1964—significantly, during an earlier era of Soviet reform—totalitarianism is not the product of ideology, but of the will to power. If Fukuyama's argument is correct, we will have

to re-think a fundamental tenet of Madisonism, which is that the will to power is an irreducible component of the human personality.

The will to power is an impulse that does not respect tidy ideological boundaries. An example: there is a Colombian drug lord who has not one whit of affinity for Marxism/Leninism, yet has decorated his study with a tapestry that contains the likeness of Josef Stalin.

Political scientist Irving Kristol, responding to Fukuyama, observes that "It is no accident that the twentieth century has witnessed a whole series of rebellions against...democracy. These rebellions have failed, but the sources that feed such rebellions remain." Kristol does not accept the modern conceit that democracy is the natural order of human affairs. Quite to the contrary: Kristol convincingly contends that the first principle of politics is that all political systems are transitional.

The most terrifying aspect of totalitarianism was its apparent permanence. Classic studies of totalitarianism from Hannah Arendt through Jeanne Kirkpatrick have maintained that totalitarianism had solved the problem of impermanence. (Orwell's description of totali-

tarianism was "Imagine a boot in your face—forever.") We may be justified in our hope that even totalitarianism may prove to be biodegradable.

However, is democracy more permanent? Weimar's Germany was an indulgently democratic society; even as its constitution was ratified in 1919, Weimar was pregnant with Hitlerism. Regarding the preservation of democratic liberty, the beginning of wisdom is the acknowledgement that "it can happen here."

Totalitarianism is the product of an atomized society, in which there are no intermediate institutions between the individual and the state. Democracy cannot survive the erosion of buffering institutions such as the family and the church. These institutions are being painfully reconstructed throughout the Soviet Empire. They are unraveling throughout the Western world.

If the Cold War is over, we shouldn't worry about the absence of an enemy against which to contend. The dominant philosophical voice of the late twentieth century may be that of Pogo: "We have met the enemy, and he is us."

## Education from page 10

years later with an engineering degree and a good starting salary, speak passionately of education as its own reward. Freshmen who hung posters of Ferraris on their dorm walls suddenly were advocating careers in philosophy. They who salivated publicly at orientation when the economics chairman spoke of recent graduates earning six-figure incomes on Wall Street suddenly shed their Ralph Lauren Polo shirts and slithered easily into Athenian philosophical togas.

What was their secret? How so easily transformed? Why the change?

These freshmen had done their homework. They were hip to the latest in popular philosophy. They had been to the movies. Could any audience be more appropriately prepared for this "University Education"? This was the summer of John Keating, the summer of New England prep schools, the summer of males who liked poetry, the summer of literature on the movie screen. Call it the summer of the Dead Poet.

It was easy for these entering freshmen, cheering "Carpe diem!", to adopt the thoughts expressed in *Traditions, Visions, Ideas*. They could be comfortable toting purloined leather-bound volumes of Whitman, Keats, and Thoreau. They could easily make pilgrimage to their educational temples, these "virgins," planning "to make much of time,"

"to live life deliberately," and to "suck out all the marrow" that a university education could provide. They could roll with this liberal artsy-schmartsy "education for education's sake" dogma. They'd seen it on screen. Just go to a cave, read some poetry, stand up on a desk in defense of free thought. It was old hat, my captain.

And, if next week pragmatism came back in style, they could do that role too. It's just a matter of going with the flow.

Ah, "University Education." How quickly so many freshmen learned rule number one: in matters of truth, adopt the professor's idea today, regurgitate it in discussion

tomorrow, and be ready to adopt a new stance next month.

How unfortunate that so many freshmen, confusing genuine wisdom with capricious pop culture, have already failed the most important lesson of our "University Education." *Traditions, Visions, Ideas*, with its new, yet classic, approach to learning, deserves a more thoughtful reception.

Joanna is a freshman concerned about getting a real education. This is her first contribution to the Review.

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# My Freshman Experience

by Chris Hyland

Do you remember what your first two weeks of college were like? I know that some of you probably blocked that time of your lives out of your memory forever. But I just lived through my first two weeks, and I'd like to share my experience of what it's like to be a freshman.

First, in order to clarify myself, I must explain how the word "freshmen" was derived. To do this you must split it into its principal parts, which are "fresh-" and "-men." The Latin derivative of "fresh-" is "frolie" which means "to frolic." The latter portion of the word, "-men," comes from the Latin derivative "-menya," which means "time." Thus we can safely assume that this word can be defined as "a time for frolicking," which provides a proper definition of what my freshman year prospects look like.

After a solid two weeks of college exploration, orientation, classes and homework, I feel remarkably acclimated to the university atmosphere. Gratefully, my first two weeks are past. I can say with assurance that any confused or humiliating beginning "freshman experience" is safely locked away behind me—for now, but I suspect it will later come back and haunt me.

I know for a fact that everyone, to a point, can recall their own beginning "freshman experience." Everyone knows the feelings of being away from home in a new environment, having new friends to make and new goals to achieve. For many it is their first long-term move away from home, and



SR art by Chris Deiner

this early two-week euphoric grace period can drag on for even months. But in time, the slow wheel of progress begins to turn, and the inevitable metamorphosis into a proper, functioning college student occurs.

Lately, as I've continued my long-standing, never-ending quest for a major, I have been looking ahead into the future. I sense the slow draining of my last bathtub of childhood and immaturity. Hopefully I can always hang on to some childlike qualities, but society seems to demand the abolishment of the great pleasures of youth. I know that in time my outlook on life will grow more serious, and my long-term goals of youth will be fulfilled. I'll finally begin to understand and see the great importance of those principles taught to me by my parents, teachers and adults in general.

I don't begrudge this evolution of man and woman, and I look forward to some of the new pleasures I will undoubtedly experience. With age comes true love and wisdom (they say). But for now I am content with what presently surrounds me. I can enjoy the unsteadiness of my life and the constant quest for unwise, short term pleasures.

The very thoughts and words associated with the term "freshmen," and even the derogatory mannerisms which upperclassmen accuse us of having, are the things I find joy in. These are the frolics that I partake of, and this is the time in which they exist. And in my opinion, these things are the sole reason for being a freshman.

Chris is our bathtub editor's brother.

# ARTS & LEISURE

## An Evening At La Cage

by Allison Allgaier

"La Cage Aux Folles," now playing at the Salt Lake Acting Company, is a delightful musical comedy about giving love, receiving love from others, and accepting people for who they are inside.

James Dybas and Eddie Cobb play Georges and Albin, a loving, male couple in St. Tropez, France. Georges owns a nightclub of female impersonators, called Les Cagelles, of which Albin, or ZaZa, as he is known on stage, is the star. Georges has a son, Jean-Michel, whom he fathered as a result of a brief, heterosexual affair years before. Albin has willingly and lovingly raised him, and has served as his mother figure for over 20 years.

But now Jean-Michel, who is straight, is engaged to the daughter of a right-wing politician who intends to close down all transvestite clubs in the country. And Jean-Michel, afraid of what might happen if they knew of his true family situation, wants to introduce his future in-laws to a normal set of parents. This entails not only the complete redecoration of their pink-marbled house, but also the temporary disappearance of Albin.

The play as a whole is a comedy, but it also contains a serious message. Despite all the gender confusion, the characters possess a deep love for each other and experience very real emotions. Albin, who has raised Jean-Michel as his own son, and who has cared for his every need, feels rejected by Jean-Michel's reluctance to include him in the parental meeting.

Herein lies the conflict for Jean-Michel: he appreciates his "mother" but also loves Ann, his fiancée, and is fearful that her family's knowing the truth would mean the end of their relationship. The play has some very poignant moments, as Albin's shattered emotions become evident, and as Jean-Michel struggles inside over his feelings for Albin and his feelings for Ann.

The phenomenal costuming and scenery are reason alone to see "La Cage." The Salt Lake Acting Company performs in an old, remodeled LDS church, yet the stage accommodates at least a half dozen different scene changes. It effortlessly moves from a cabaret with huge golden peacocks as wall ornaments and colorful, hand-painted, silk curtains, to a moonlit beach, to a gaudily-decorated living room. The costumes are plentiful and elaborate, with more



SR art by Lori Nelson

than their fair share of rhinestones, sequins, feathers, and glitter, and are definitely of Broadway quality.

Les Cagelles, formed of a combination of both male and female dancers, were a bit disappointing because the men were relatively easy to distinguish from the women, whether by a protruding Adam's apple, larger-than-female biceps, or simply a few remnants of masculinity in their movements. Albin/ZaZa is the exception to this, and is extremely convincing with his perfection of the art. Jacob the butler (Kenneth Ezell Bass), who prefers to be known as Claudine the maid, is also excellent, and steals the show in places with his outlandish costumes and his attention-grabbing antics.

For those afraid that this play advocates homosexuality, you can lay your fears aside. To be sure, the majority of the characters in the play do have reversed gender preferences, but this is not presented in a tasteless way. The only physical intimacy on stage is a brief hand-holding, and the subject is basically treated humorously: in the gaudy costumes, the mannerisms (especially hilarious when Georges attempts to teach Albin how to walk, talk, and eat like a man), and the dialogue ("snakes live together male and female, cats live together male and female," says Albin, "we're humans—we know better!")

"La Cage Aux Folles" is playing at the Salt Lake Acting Company Tuesdays through Sundays until

October 29. The theater is located at 168 W 500 North. Tickets for all seats are \$20, but special student rush tickets can be purchased for \$6 (with I.D.) five minutes before showtime, if available. For more information, call 363-0525.

## A Few Words of Wisdom to Freshmen

*Never say never.*

-mother of a used-to-be-a freshman bride

*Never ever say, "Give me a BYU haircut."*

-after-the-fact now wiser freshman

*If you don't like it here, go somewhere else.*

-what we know Standards is trying to say

*The sooner you get behind, the more time you have to catch up.*

-a fun-to-be-with, very busy kind of guy

*You can always retake a class, but you can never retake a party.*

-a very veteran college student

*Don't let your classes interfere with your education.*

-believe it or not, from someone's father





SR art by Lori Nelson

## The Original Freud

by Mette Marie Ivie

When I first began reading Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*, I couldn't help but recall all the images that the name Freud brought to my mind. Neither of the caricatures which seemed to bring these images together were very flattering.

First, there was the Freud who vaguely (or not so vaguely) resembled Dr. Ruth: a small, moustached, leering, heavily-accented German who seemed to spend all his time purporting to interpret dreams of unsuspecting housewives. Of course, this picture of Freud would not be complete without the invariable interpretation of the dreams of the housewives. According to Freud every dream was sexual, complete with phallic symbols and Oedipal complexes. The other vision of Freud I had was of a literary critic—hopelessly trying to juxtapose his theories on literary greats like *Hamlet* or *Oedipus Rex*. But despite my skepticism, I began to read Freud's book.

The first hundred pages of Freud did little to dispel my preconceptions. It seemed that Freud had given himself the impossible task of convincing me that every dream was wish-fulfillment. If he didn't state it, certainly Freud implied that human wish-fulfillment was linked to sex. But I read on, finding myself interested in spite of my skepticism. Not only were the dreams Freud reported fun to read, but there seemed to be something behind Freud's reasoning besides just sexual symbols.

I soon found that I agreed with some of the things Freud was getting at. First, Freud was rejecting all traditional notions of dream interpretation. In Freud's time, the dream was typically reduced to a type, from which the dream-interpreter was able to give a set interpretation. Any similar dream was given the same interpretation without regard to the individual. Freud, on the other hand, based his interpretation almost entirely on the individual dreamer's past, so that similar dreams from different people could end up meaning very different things.

As for being a literary critic, Freud mentions only briefly *Oedipus Rex* and *Hamlet* as examples of individuals who are oppressed by their societies into denying their real feelings. Further, Freud implies that the character of Ophelia could as easily be subject to an "Oedipal" (or "Jocasta"?) complex as

please see Freud on page 15

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## Lions in Night Dreams

by Julie Curtis

You are sitting on a stone bench of an amphitheater. The air is cool and the clear sky is dusky blue. The theater overlooks a broad valley, and the city lights seem far away. In the distance, the last colors of sunset linger on the horizon and reflect off a long, still lake. A breeze brushes across your face and the sounds of harps and flutes suddenly come all around you. And then...a play begins.

"Yeah, right," you may be saying to yourself. "Maybe on study abroad in Florence or that one little jaunt to Stratford last summer..." But it really happened here, in our very own college town. For the last two months the State Hospital Castle Amphitheater at the top of Center Street has hosted one of Provo's best semi-secrets of the summer: a summer theater company's productions of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and James Goldman's *The Lion in Winter*.

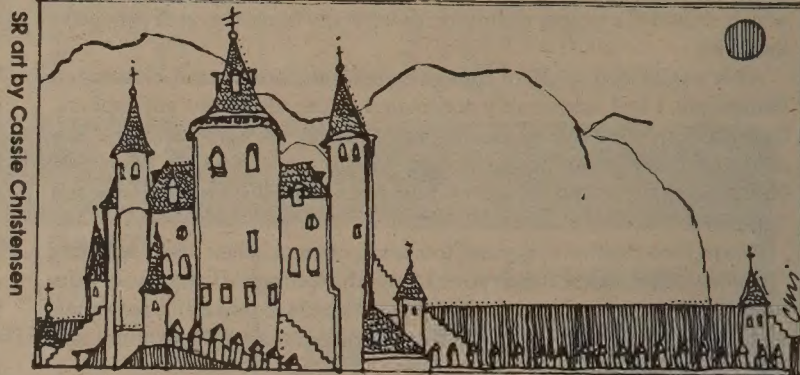
The Actor's Repertory Theatre Ensemble (ARTE) is a new professional theater group made up of both community and university actors. This past summer's "Castle Theatre Festival" was their first season. Both plays were staged beautifully in the restored amphitheater, with Kathy Biesinger as the talented director.

First, during August was *Midsummer Night*, Shakespeare's delightfully airy and hilarious comedy about lovers, fools, fairies and such.

In ARTE's production the scenery was minimal and the costumes simple but very effective. Yet once the cool evening air began mixing with light music, poetry, plots and prose, the audience was off to a wood outside Athens. The "course of true love" ran through Titania's bower and interrupted the dramatic workmen's hilarious tragedy and eventually wound up part of the magical whole of the play. Each player was marvelous; it is difficult

Barta Heiner delivered a stunning Eleanor, and J. Scott Bronson was a Henry to match. Again, in this production every character was marvelous, and the play had a compelling wholeness that left the audience fulfilled at its end.

Special note goes to the company members who performed in both plays: J. Todd Adams as Puck and Prince John, Trish Reading as Helena and Alais, Samuel Wood as Demetrius and King Philip of



SR art by Cassie Christensen

to choose one shining star out of this production. ARTE's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* deserves a standing ovation for a delightful presentation. With September and the school crowd came *The Lion in Winter*, Goldman's brilliant, witty drama of Henry Plantagenet and Eleanor of Aquitaine in an early England long ago. The script is timeless, telling a story of love, hate, treachery, diplomacy, ambition and decline—a story of incredible and incredibly real life.

France, and Gary Stuart Insch as Oberon and Richard Lionheart.

I suppose it isn't very nice to go on and on about plays that have ended and say, "Well, sorry you missed out..." (if you did miss them...) but ARTE deserves to be praised for its fabulous productions. And you deserve to know about them, so you can see them some other midsummer night when they perform again.

I hear Julie lives in the "Elite" apartments off-campus.

FROM

# VIOLENCE

TO

EFFECTING CHANGE IN PUBLIC POLICY

## SYMPOSIUM

**TUESDAY, OCT. 3, 11:00 - 11:50**  
**H. E. "BUD" SCRUGGS**  
GOVERNOR'S CHIEF OF STAFF  
MAKING A DIFFERENCE ON THE LOCAL LEVEL  
KENNEDY CENTER CONFERENCE ROOM 238 HRCB

**WEDNESDAY, OCT 4, 1:00 - 1:50**  
**BRENT C. MORRIS**  
UTAH COUNTY COMMISSIONER  
TURNING "GOOD CAUSES" INTO GOOD POLICIES  
KENNEDY CENTER CONFERENCE ROOM 238 HRCB

**THURSDAY, OCT 5**  
ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION  
TIME AND PLACE TO BE ANNOUNCED

**OCT. 3, 4, 5, 1989**



## Ski Utah from page 4

Olympics ever, and there are good reasons why we can do that. Maybe at first we were sensitive, because we wanted to eliminate the environmental arguments. But as things developed, we realized the advantages of a place like Utah that has diverse environmental areas alongside more developed areas. For example, in Albertville, France they are building huge roads and bridges to try to handle the transportation for the Olympic Games in '92, whereas we already have four lane roads, roads that are there not for the games but to service existing needs.

One of the things we're saying is that as these things are developed, we want to see that they leave a positive legacy behind. I think that we have a unique opportunity in that regard because of the size of our community along the Wasatch Front, the infrastructure that's in place, the facilities that are in place. Very few places have the number of ski resorts in such a compact area, and yet in such an area that they are spread out so that you don't have a great influx of people to any particular spot.

*Has the LDS Church expressed any interest in your efforts?*

When we won the bid in Des Moines, the Church came out with a very positive statement of congratulations and of the opportunity that this could be for the people of Utah. I think the Church, like the rest of us, has much to gain from the exposure and the recognition, not just in religious circles.

*Could you be more specific?*

In 1998, my son probably won't be here. He'll be out in the mission field somewhere. Recognize that when those games are on, three billion people will tune in for seventeen days of watching the events and the community. Not only that, but during the years before the Olympics come and for years after, we will have visitors from every country in the world. Many will come from countries where the Church is not represented today, and they will see the Church as they learn of its people.

*What about Utah Valley? What role would BYU and its surrounding communities play?*

One of the commitments that we're making is that when these games are over, the thing that they remember the most will be the thousands of volunteers, who over a period of years participated, volunteers whose efforts crossed race, religions and economic boundaries, to work together to host the games. In keeping with that objective, we need to involve as many people as we can. If you look at the significance of Utah County in this area, you see that they will need to be involved. Look at BYU and their capacity to put on cultural performances. A very significant part of the Olympic games are those cultural events during the games, the opening and closing ceremonies, for example. BYU has an

unequaled ability to put on pageantry.

There is also the possibility of some of the actual competition down there. There is the possibility of figure skating, or of hockey. Some think we ought to move speed skating down there, though it is a little late to be raising that question. Still, as we move into the next stage of planning, those possibilities are open.

*I understand that some Central and South American countries are looking at Salt Lake as a training camp for their athletes.*

Virtually all of them are looking at Salt Lake. One of the strengths of our bid is that facilities in Salt Lake will do more for sport than anywhere else in the world. The reason for this is the lack of facilities in the Western Hemisphere. The impact of that on the Europeans and the European teams is that if they come in to compete in Calgary, it is very expensive to come in for one set of events, whereas, you could come to Salt Lake and hold back-to-back events—and that helps us open up the TV market.

Secondly, we intend to serve as a training center and as a center for competition for teams from Central and South America.

We have much to offer the international sport community, other than just hosting the games. We have a major international airport. We have more hotel rooms than any city that has ever hosted the games. We have all the arts. We have the ballet, the opera, the symphony, things that will enhance the cultural experience of visitors to the community. We have the mountains. I met with a group of Japanese journalists and they were just raving about our city, about our infrastructure, about our airport, about our freeways, and about our magnificent mountains. But they said we are crazy.

*Our people are crazy?*

For most of the world, in the communities we are competing with, the debate over the value of the Olympics just doesn't take place. There is a recognition there that they are invaluable. And these journalists observe the process that we go through, the campaigns, those opposed to the games.

*Is the availability of alcoholic beverages going to be a problem?*

It isn't an issue. When we were bidding at the U.S. level, they tried to make it an issue. When the Site Selection Committee came through, the Reno/Tahoe people handed them bottles of liquor as they got on the plane and they said, "Take this, you're going to need it when you get there." And when our friends from the U.S. Olympic Committee

got off their planes, they were showing us the bottles and laughing, and they said, "How do you feel about that Welch?" And my response was this:

"You know, if you're looking for a place to gamble, or if you're looking for a place to drink—go to Reno. But you're looking for an environment where you want to bring the premier athletes of the world, ages seventeen to twenty-three, and you want to find a place where they can train and compete and be greeted by people who will be receptive and interested in their welfare, then come to Utah."

And that was the end of the liquor issue.

*I understand there's a Japanese billionaire who wants to finance the games and claims to have the selection already in the bag.*

You may have seen the *USA Today* about a month ago that had his picture. I cut it out and I sent it to the governor with a note saying, "How

will it feel to beat the richest man in the world?" And then I sent another copy to Jon Huntsman and I said, "Jon, I need your help." But there is something remarkably different about the two communities. We're building facilities that will be a legacy into the future. They are building only for the games, and some of their facilities will be torn down right after. Second, they don't have an international airport. They'll have to fly into Tokyo and take a train. A more significant issue is that most of the world cannot go to Japan, whereas we offer the world the opportunity to come here, and not just watch it on television.

*What could the average person do to help secure the bid?*

The most significant challenge that we face is the November 7th referendum. You have to understand the International Olympic Committee. They have one thing to give a community, and that's the right to

host the games. They view everything in that historical perspective, because that city will be an Olympic city evermore. And before they entrust any community with the Olympic games, they are going to have to have the confidence that its people and its government are committed not only to hosting the games, but to leaving a legacy to the development of sport in that area.

Without a public commitment of funding, we would never be able to develop the confidence that the International Olympic Committee is looking for in a community.

The loudest message that we can send to the world is a positive vote in November.

And because it's an off-year election, probably only 25% of the voters will vote. That means that it doesn't matter if 70% of our people support the Olympics and the funding. A vast majority could support it, and we could still lose if we don't get our people out to vote.

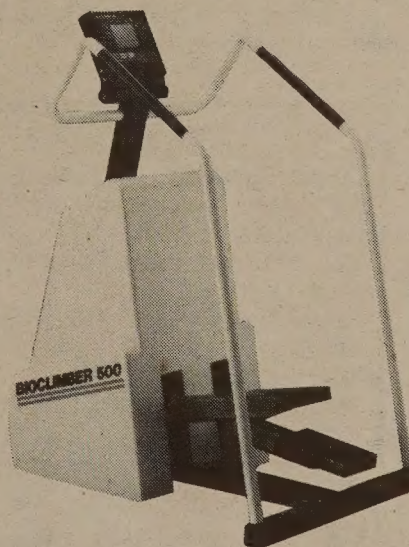
## Freud from page 14

could Hamlet, though I have never found anything written on this. But even more interesting to literature is Freud's careful attention to the words of the dreamer. He draws much of his interpretation from the connotations of his dreamer's words. In one sense at Freud is reading dreams as literary texts.

Our current notion of "Freudian" interpretation of dreams stands for everything Freud fought against in *The Interpretation of Dreams*—tradition and easy symbolic interpretation of dreams. His book offers the original Freud, perhaps still small, moustached, and heavily-accented, but no longer like Dr. Ruth. If nothing else, the book is worth reading in order to not have that image of Freud evoked whenever his name is heard.

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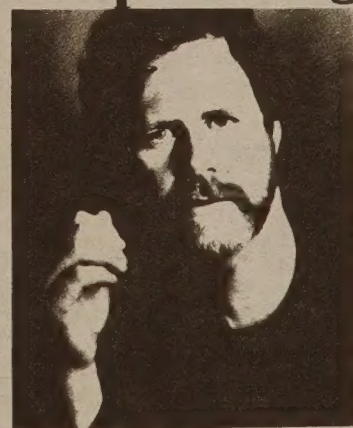
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378-7444



# the CALENDAR

## Theater Box

**Pioneer Memorial Theatre**, 300 S. University, SLC, Tickets: \$9.00-20.00, 581-6961  
**Salt Lake Repertory Theatre** (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC, Tickets: \$8.50, 532-6000  
**The Salt Lake Acting Company**, 168 W. 500 N., SLC, Tickets: \$20.00, 363-0525  
**Hale Center Theatre**, 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$4.00-6.00, 484-9257  
**Symphony Hall**, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, Tickets: \$10.00-17.00, \$5 student, 533-6407  
**Capitol Theatre**, 50 W. 200 South, SLC, Tickets: 533-6494 or 533-5555  
**The Egyptian Theatre**, Main Street, Park City, Tickets: \$9.00-10.00, 649-9371

## Wednesday, September 27

### Theatre:

"La Cage Aux Folles," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

"West Side Story," Pioneer Mem. Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Life With Father," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7447

"Sabrina Fair," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Dance:

"World of Dance," de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT:

Lecture on "Farewell," 3:15 p.m.

"Farewell," 3:45 & 8:30 p.m.

"Manon of the Spring," 6:15 p.m.

### Miscellaneous:

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus! Salt Palace, 100 S. West Temple, SLC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$7.50-10.50, Salt Palace box office and SMITHITIX locations, or 363-768

## Thursday, September 28

### Lecture:

"Relationships & Dating," Counseling & Development Center, 151 SWKT, 12:00 noon, Free  
 "AIDS and LDS People," Ben Barr, Director of Utah AIDS Foundation, RB 271, 11:00 a.m.

### Theatre:

"Celebrating the Light," BYU Young Ambassadors, Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$2.00, 364-5696

"Life With Father," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7447

"La Cage Aux Folles," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

"West Side Story," Pioneer Mem. Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Sabrina Fair," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT:

"Manon of the Spring," 3:15 & 8:00 p.m.

"Farewell," 5:30 p.m.

### Dance:

"World of Dance," de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

### Music:

Cello/Piano Recital, Roger Drinkall and Dian Baker, including Saint-Saens, Corelli, & Schumann, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., FREE!

### Miscellaneous:

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus! Salt Palace, 100 S. West Temple, SLC, 7:30 p.m.,

Tickets: \$7.50-10.50, Salt Palace box office and SMITHITIX locations, or 363-768

## Friday, September 29

### Lecture:

"Test Taking Without Anxiety," Counseling & Development Center, 151 SWKT, 2:00 p.m., Free

### Theatre:

"Celebrating the Light," BYU Young Ambassadors, Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$2.00, 364-5696

"Life With Father," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7447

"West Side Story," Pioneer Mem. Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"La Cage Aux Folles," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 8:00 p.m.

"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," City Rep., 7:30 p.m.

"Sweet Charity," The Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Sabrina Fair," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT:

"Farewell," 3:15 & 8:00 p.m.

"Manon of the Spring," 5:45 & 10:30 p.m.

### Music:

Utah Symphony with Joan Morris, soprano, and William Bolcom, piano, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.

Backstage closed for Brasil Campinas mission reunion

### Dance:

"World of Dance," de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

### Miscellaneous:

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus! Salt Palace, 100 S. West Temple, SLC, 4:00 & 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$7.50-10.50, Salt Palace box office and SMITHITIX locations, or 363-768

## ART BOX

Opening Sept 20: **The Loge Gallery** (Pioneer Mem. theatre, U of U)—paintings by Carolyn Schilly, through Oct. 7  
**Pierpont Gallery** (156 W. Pierpont Ave., 363-4141) through Oct. 13  
**Hanson Planetarium**, 15 S. State, SLC, "Horizons in Space: A Photographic Adventure," through Dec. 1  
**Springville Museum of Art**, 126 E. 4th S., Springville, Tues.-Sat.

## Saturday, September 30

### Theatre:

"Helen," (Euripides) Pioneer Trail State Park, 8:30 a.m., Free!

"Life With Father," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 8:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7447

"La Cage Aux Folles," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 8:00 p.m.

"The Phantom of the Opera," (non-musical) City Rep., Jester Stage, 7:30 p.m.

"Sweet Charity," The Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"West Side Story," Pioneer Mem. Theatre, 2:00 p.m. & 8:00 p.m.

"Sabrina Fair," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Music:

Utah Symphony with Joan Morris, soprano, and William Bolcom, piano, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.

"Modern Music," Backstage Late Night, 65 N. University Ave., 9:00-1:00, cover charge: \$3.00, 377-6905

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT:

"Manon of the Spring," 2:30 & 7:10 p.m.

"Farewell," 4:40 & 9:20 p.m.

### Dance:

"World of Dance," de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 8:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

### Culture:

Snowbird Oktoberfest! Music, Dance & Ethnic Food! Snowbird Pavilion, 12:00 -6:00 p.m., Free.

### Miscellaneous:

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus! Salt Palace, 100 S. West Temple, SLC, 11:00 a.m., 3:30 & 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$7.50-10.50, Salt Palace box office and SMITHITIX locations, or 363-768

## Sunday, October 1

### General Conference:

10:00 a.m. & 2:00 p.m.

### Culture:

Snowbird Oktoberfest! Music, Dance & Ethnic Food! Snowbird Pavilion, 12:00 -6:00 p.m., Free.

### Music:

Waverly Consort (Italian Renaissance music), Utah Museum of Fine Arts Auditorium at U of U, 8:00, free pre-concert lecture 4:30 p.m., Tickets: \$15.00 at door

## Monday, October 2

### Theatre:

"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," City Rep., 7:30 p.m.

"Life With Father," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 4:00 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7447

"West Side Story," Pioneer Mem. Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Miscellaneous:

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus! Salt Palace, 100 S. West Temple, SLC, 4:00 & 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$7.50-10.50, Salt Palace box office and SmithTix locations, or 363-768

## Tuesday, October 3

### Theatre:

"Life With Father," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

"La Cage Aux Folles," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

"West Side Story," Pioneer Mem. Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Music:

"Evening of Concertos," de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

## Wednesday, October 4

### Theatre:

"Life With Father," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7447

"La Cage Aux Folles," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

"West Side Story," Pioneer Mem. Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

## Thursday, October 5

### Theatre:

"Life With Father," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7447

"City of Peace," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447

"Sweet Charity," The Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"West Side Story," Pioneer Mem. Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"La Cage Aux Folles," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

"Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Dance:

Ballet Folklorico de Mexico, Kingsbury Hall, U of U, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$12.00 - 15.00,

## FILM BOX:

### Varsity 1:

378-3311, All Seats \$1.00

Sept. 27-28 "Say Anything"

Sept. 29-Oct. 2 "Good Morning Vietnam"

Oct. 3-5 "Iron Eagle"

Oct. 6-9 "Gorillas in the Mist"

### Varsity II:

Sept. 29-Oct. 2 "Singing In The Rain"

Oct. 6-9 "Tucker"

### Scera Theater:

745 S. State, Orem, 225-2560

"Lawrence of Arabia," Mon.-Sat. 7:00 p.m.

Tickets: \$4.00, \$2.50 w/ Int'l Cinema card

### Cinema In Your Face:

45 W. 300 S., SLC, 364-3647

"Getting it Right," 5:15 & 7:15 (times vary)

### Blue Mouse Theater:

260 E. 100 S. SLC, 364-3471

"Murmur of the Heart"

Sept. 20-28, 5:30, 7:15 & 9:00 p.m.

### Movie Hotlines

#### Provo:

Academy Theatre: 373-4470

Mann 4 Central Square Theatre: 374-6061

Movies 8: 375-5667

Pioneer Twin Drive-In: 374-0521

#### Orem:

Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas: 224-6622

Carillon Square Theatres: 224-5112

467- 5996, or SmithTix outlets

## Friday, October 6

### Theatre:

"Life With Father," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-7447

"City of Peace," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447

"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," City Rep., 7:30 p.m.

"La Cage Aux Folles," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 8:00 p.m.

"Sweet Charity," The Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"West Side Story," Pioneer Mem. Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Music:

Philip Aaberg, Pianist, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444

George Cleeve & Carter Brey, cello, symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-27.00, 533-6407

*Please submit Calendar items to  
 Laurie 374-6263 or Jason 373-2319*

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## Editors' Choices:

"Manon of the Spring," Int'l. Cinema, Sept. 27-30

"Lawrence of Arabia," Scera Theatre, nightly

"World of Dance," de Jong Concert Hall, Sept. 27-30

Cello/Piano Recital, Madsen Recital Hall, Sept. 28

General Conference, Sept. 30

## Coming Soon!

"The Tales of Hoffmann," Utah Opera, Oct. 12, 14, 16, 19, 22; Tickets: 533-6494

Oingo Boingo, Salt Palace Arena, Oct. 19; Tickets: \$17.50, SmithTix locations, 363-7681